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United States.

COMMANDERY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WAR PAPER 76.

The Brilliant Career of Lieutenant Roswell H. Lamson, U. S. Navy.

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WAR PAPERS.

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The Brilliant Career of Lieutenant Roswell H. Lamson, U. S. Navy.

PREPARED BY COMPANION

ACTING MASTER

FRANCIS P. B. SANDS,

LATE U. S. NAVY.

AND

READ AT THE STATED MEETING OF JANUARY 6, 1909.

the night watches, the scouting parties watching over the welfare of the train of emigrants; the constant association with men enured to such lives of daring, tended to develop the mind of young Lamson, to make him thoughtful and serious beyond his years; taught him self-reliance and gave him a degree of confidence in himself that manifested itself in the emergencies of his eventful career later on.

Often during the night watches on the blockade service during the War of the Rebellion, Lamson, at one time my messmate and later my commanding officer, would walk the deck with me describing the incidents of those days of his boyhood. He told of the settlement of the country where his parents and their friends settled in Oregon. He described the clearing of the land for cultivation, the upbuilding of the little community in which they were to live, and the hardships they encountered. He narrated in simple but vivid language the organization of the settlers for mutual protection from the Indians who, in their forages, sought to drive them away.

He described the events of one such experience when he, a boy under fourteen years of age, went out with a large body of the settlers to check a band of Indians who were threatening the neighborhood. They searched the country, driving the Indians before them. With all the eagerness and impetuosity of youth he had forced himself ahead of his party out into the open, when suddenly about fifty feet from him up rose a painted savage who was about to let fly an arrow at him. Lamson said he was all taken aback and forgot to use his rifle, but just stood and looked at the splendid speciman of manhood before him. The crack of a rifle back of him and the whistle of the bullet close to his ear brought him to a realization of his danger. He raised his own rifle but did not fire. He saw an expression of horror pass over the warrior's face,

his bow was undrawn, he stood for a moment rigid, then with a sigh plunged forward, falling face down, and he was stone dead when they reached him, the bullet of the scout who had been so prompt having pierced his heart. This was the closest call Lamson had in those days.

He was studious and his parents were evidently earnest in their religious belief, for their son always showed great devotion to his religious duties.

On the 20th of September, 1858, he was appointed to the United States Naval Academy from the Territory of Oregon, and, reporting there, he took a high place amongst the studious and earnest men of his class.

The outbreak of the Civil War took all of his class to sea, and Lamson soon was able to demonstrate his qualifications as an officer. On the 9th of May, 1861, the Commandant of Midshipmen, Lieut.-Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, on orders from the Department, sent Lamson, then a second classman, as an acting master to the frigate *Wabash*, the flagship of Admiral Dupont. On November 11, 1861, Flag Officer Dupont, in his report of the capture of Fort Walker and the defenses of Hilton Head, gave to young Lamson special praise for his work with the pivot guns of the vessel in action, saying that he had "sustained the reputation of the Naval Academy" and was a valuable officer, and subsequently he was commended for efficient work in an armed launch protecting the bridge across the Savannah River.

On August 1, 1862, Lamson was promoted to be a lieutenant and was given a brief term of duty in the Navy Department, where he evidently soon became a favorite with his superiors.

In 1863, when an important movement of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron was being prepared for, Lieutenant Lamson was sent to the U. S. S. *Minnesota*, flagship of Admiral S. P. Lee. Assistant Secretary G. V. Fox wrote to the Admiral as follows:

"Your second lieutenant is to be detached and we send you young Lamson in his place. Lamson was expected to go on other duty, but in anticipation of your movement upon the enemy, I thought you might wish upon your staff, at least for this fight, a young man that Dupont and Rodgers consider one of the very best in the service. Davis has had him in the Bureau for a month and speaks in the highest terms of him. I feel that you ought to have him for this occasion since you have no flag lieutenant."

It was just at this time that I met him, having just been ordered as confidential aid to the Admiral, and Lamson accorded me the conveniences of his stateroom, as all the other staterooms were occupied by my seniors. I soon became devotedly attached to him. From daily and intimate association with him I soon came to appreciate how high-minded and noble-hearted he was. His personal character was of the most lovable kind; pure minded, highly strung, full of professional zeal and loyal to the core, he was ever seeking to win the confidence of his superiors, the regard of his fellow officers, and the affection of the men of the crew. He was amiable, affable, and scholarly, as all who met him soon discovered, and his friendships multiplied steadily.

Lamson's courage was of the noblest kind. He was not rashly daring or reckless in his enterprises. When there was grave danger in any duty assigned to him, he not only fully prepared himself for its performance, but for its possible consequences to himself. He never quailed in the presence of danger.

As I have mentioned he was deeply religious, and in my association with him I learned the more tender and loving impulses of his heart.

I noted that whenever he had any serious undertakings before him he always withdrew for an hour or two to the quiet of his stateroom, from which he always came calm, resolute and ready for the work before him.

Accident one day revealed to me the secret workings of his heart and mind in those moments of seclusion.

So intimate had I become with him that I had never hesitated to rush in upon him when alone.

It was just after he had received his orders to go up the Nansemond River to confront the Confederate forces on its banks, that I once thus thoughtlessly started to enter his stateroom.

There was my friend Lamson with the photographs of his father and mother and of his sweetheart on his desk before him, and he held his Bible open in his hands. So absorbed was he that I quietly withdrew without disturbing him.

My respect and regard for him was deepened as I thus came closer to his soul.

He knew that in the work before him every hour was fraught with the danger of instant death from the bullets of the sharpshooters of the enemy.

Whilst thus communing for those brief moments he had in spirit taken his parents and his loved one to his heart. He had made his peace with his God.

Then having satisfied the sentimental side of his being, he came out on deck calm and cheerful, the ready, alert and active officer, and devoted himself to his task, the God of Battles whom he had invoked watching over and protecting him throughout the dangers he so quickly met.

The Admiral was constantly calling upon him for his opinions and became his great admirer, often assigning him to most responsible duties.

Early that year the Confederates were particularly active in southeastern Virginia. A large force under Generals French, Longstreet and Hood, had been sent down from the Army defending Richmond, and advancing eastward threatened to surround the Federal forces under Generals Keyes, Peck and Getty, near Suffolk, upon which depended the protection of

Norfolk. Major-General Keyes, keenly alive to the situation, appealed to Admiral Lee for co-operation to protect his right flank along the Nansemond River north of Suffolk. Early in the month of April scouts reported that a force of over 10,000 men was approaching the left bank of the Nansemond. A row of piling had been placed across the river just below the Western Branch as an obstruction, leaving only a narrow opening for the passage of light-draught vessels in the mid-channel.

The Confederate artillery had been put in batteries at different points to check any advance on the part of the Federal troops and their sharpshooters were strung along the entire left bank to harass the army and naval tug-boats passing up to Suffolk.

Just prior to this Admiral Lee had planned an attack on Jamestown Island by a small flotilla under command of Lieut. William B. Cushing, but on receipt of the call from General Keyes he diverted this flotilla to the lower Nansemond to guard the stream from the Western Branch to the James River.

Flag Lieutenant Lamson was detailed to guard the tortuous stream above the Western Branch to Suffolk, his line of duty covering about seven miles of narrow channel within easy rifle-shot of the shore throughout its entire distance, whence the enemy, concealed in the woods, kept up a constant fire upon the pilots and helmsmen of the small flotilla under his command, which was composed of the small side-wheel steamer *Mount Washington*, the little ferry-boat *Stepping Stones* and two small tugs, all armed with 12 and 24-pounder howitzers.

The pilot houses and bulwarks were covered with sheets of boiler iron, which would only turn a leaden rifle bullet but were practically no protection against field guns of any caliber.

Lamson with his command reached Suffolk on the 12th of April under a heavy fire from sharpshooters and was soon in conference with the commanding general.

On the 13th he took Major-General Getty down-stream to observe the situation and landed him below Western Branch. At dawn on the morning of the 14th, he proceeded up-stream with his little vessels, and at a point below the bend near Norfleet's, a battery of seven guns opened on the *Mount Washington* and soon a shot pierced her boiler, disabling her entirely. She was taken in tow by the *Stepping Stones* and they withdrew down-stream, still under a heavy fire from the riflemen on shore. The tide was falling and soon the *Mount Washington* went aground on a shoal a short distance above the Western Branch obstructions, when a five-gun battery, on Hill's Point just abreast them, unmasked and its storm of shot soon riddled and further disabled the vessel, killing and wounding a number. Lamson saw the almost hopelessness of the situation called the *Stepping Stones* alongside, transferred the killed and wounded, ordered all the officers and men of the *Mount Washington* to go aboard of that vessel, and sent her down-stream to the protection of Cushing's command. He did not abandon his disabled steamer, however, but kept with him the boat's crew he had brought from the *Minnesota* with Master's Mate Birtwistle.

As soon as the *Stepping Stones* had cast off her lines and steamed down below the obstructions, Lamson with his men carried a small howitzer to the hurricane deck, and from between the paddle-boxes kept up as rapid and continuous a fire into the battery as he could whilst waiting for the rise of the tide to see what he could do to save the steamer. His men fought with wonderful daring, those not at the gun using their carbines to keep down the enemy in the earthworks. Think-

ing at last that he might be able to haul the vessel off, he directed his men to man the cutter to run a line to a pile that was on the enemy's side of the channel up-stream. The crew at first hesitated to meet the hail of shot that tore across the deck, but Lamson stepped briskly out to the open deck at the bow under the hail of bullets from the sharpshooters on shore and told them to come forward to him, which they did with a rush, and, manning the boat, ran the line to the pile. Just as they had secured a loop over it a chance shot missed the boat, but cut the pile in two, and the line dropping into the stream, the boat returned to the steamer where the men again worked their gun upon the enemy.

One of the seamen, Garcia, was cut in two by a shot, and as his body went overboard his messmate, Sam Woods, dived over after it, but it sank at once. Swimming back, he mounted the deck, and, all soaking as he was, coolly returned to his station at his gun.

All this time a continuous fire from the enemy's sharpshooters in the woods was being kept up upon the little band of heroes. Soon a shot carried away the flagstaff about two feet above the deck and a shout of delight went up from the rebels when they saw the flag go overboard into the stream. Lamson, with Master's Mate Birtwistle and Seaman Theilburg, heedless of the bullets that swept around them, ran aft, hauled up the flagstaff by its halliards, and placing its foot against the stump, Lamson ran the flag to the truck and then expended the halliards in securing the staff to the stump!

As soon as the wind filled out the Stars and Stripes in their glory, firing ceased at once from the shore; the rebels mounted their works and gave three rousing cheers to Lamson and his gallant men; and he was told that he could, without interruption, call up the *Stepping Stones* to tow his crippled steamer down the river. This was promptly done.

What a tribute was not that to valor! What a chivalric spirit, was it not, that prompted it from the enemy?

During Lamson's engagement up-stream, Lieutenant Cushing and his few vessels were kept busy returning the fire of the enemy who, besides their guns on Hill's Point, had a four-gun battery in the woods north of the Western Branch, and a large force of riflemen in the bordering woods to harass his men. Cushing sent forward a brief report of the engagement in which he extolled the brilliant work of Lamson, and sending with it the wrecked steamer as an exhibit, he said: "It is only necessary to *look* at the *Mount Washington* to *see* with what desperate gallantry Lieutenant Lamson fought his vessel."

But Lamson had been placed in command of the Upper Nansemond, with instructions to prevent the enemy from crossing that stream to attack the flank of the Federal forces. He did not bother about writing any long-winded reports to the Admiral. He had no thought of self-glorification, nor did he return to his comfortable stateroom on the *Minnesota* to entertain his messmates and the reporters with lurid tales of his recent experiences. That was not *his* nature.

As soon as darkness permitted, that same evening he went on board of the *Stepping Stones* and, accompanied by the tug *Alert,* slipped quietly through the obstructions, whilst the enemy, possibly absorbed in celebrating their victory, were forgetful of the duty of vigilance, and he soon reached Suffolk in safety and reported to the commanding general that he was at hand for acion. He wrote a brief note to the Admiral announcing his being at Suffolk, and stated therein, "I shall not be satisfied unless I can take that battery that knocked the *Mount Washington* to pieces."

His ingenious mind soon formulated a plan of action which he submitted to General Getty, the nearest general officer he could

confer with. He took his maps with him and explained his plans in detail, urging their adoption with all the energy of his soul. His enthusiasm won over General Getty who promised him all he asked in co-operation. A day or two was lost awaiting the approval of the plan by Admiral Lee, who, being devoted to his flag lieutenant, was at first loth to permit him to run the great risk, and sent the fleet captain, Pierce Crosby, to Suffolk with orders to Lamson to withdraw this flotilla unless his good judgment suggested otherwise. The fleet captain also was won over by Lamson who was left to his own absolute judgment in the matter.

Promptly Lamson directed that hammock cloths should be strung all around the vessel from the awning ridge ropes to hide the decks of the *Stepping Stones*. He had four field howitzers ready with their crews thoroughly drilled as to what they were to do, and long gangplanks were prepared down which the guns were to be run at the word. General Getty detailed 300 men from the 89th New York Volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel England, and from the 8th Connecticut Volunteers, under Colonel Ward, and went with them himself to see that his officers and men should carry out exactly and implicity the orders of Lieutenant Lamson.

Down-stream went the *Stepping Stones* as soon as all were on board, on the 20th of April, moving slowly until just above the heavy battery on Hill's Point which had crippled the *Mount Washington*. The lookout reported that the enemy had all of their guns trained upon one part of the channel where they were sure that their concentrated fire would blow the vessel out of water. Lamson, pretending that he was afraid to venture into that zone of fire, stopped the vessel and slowly retired up-stream where he rested for a while. Then, as though intending to make a supreme dash past the battery, he ordered full speed

ahead, and down-stream went the *Stepping Stones* until just short of the bend above the battery, when the helm was put to starboard and she went hard against the river bank. Up were triced the hammock cloths, out was rushed the gangplank, down which the ready crew ran their howitzers and up to the crest of the ravine back of the battery.

The soldiers under General Getty were rushed through the ravine out of sight until they had a position to cut off all retreat. The amazed rebels in the battery stood inactive for a moment and then attempted to swing a gun around to their rear. At their first shot, which passed over the heads of our men, a volley of cannister was fired into the battery and its commander surrendered at once. By sunset the five guns of this battery and all the ammunition, together with the entire force of the enemy there, 167 men (not a man escaping), were transferred to our side of the river under guard, the captain commanding having surrendered his sword in person to Lieutenant Lamson, who had thus nobly recouped for the drubbing they had given him six days before.

General Getty assumed charge on shore and Lieutenant Lamson soon after returned to the flagship and was fairly "laurel crowned" with congratulations showered upon him by General Getty, by his comrade Cushing and by his Admiral, all of which was followed quickly by eulogy in glowing terms from the Secretary of the Navy. Amongst the commendations of Lamson's gallantry in this engagement we find Admiral Lee writing to Secretary Welles as follows:

"Flag Lieutenant Lamson deserves the fullest credit for the success of the expedition which captured the West Branch battery so handsomely, taking 5 pieces and 161 men."

Maj.-Gen. George W. Getty wrote to Admiral Lee, April 20, 1863:

"I desire to express most sincere thanks to Captain Lamson, U. S. Navy, his officers and men for the gallantry, energy and ability displayed by them in the operations of yesterday, resulting in the capture of one of the enemy's batteries of five guns.

Major-General Peck wrote to Admiral Lee, April 21:

"The Navy has many gallant spirits but none more so than Lieutenants Lamson, Cushing and Harris."

Major-General Dix wrote to Admiral Lee, May 2, 1863, stating that the Admiral's letter, authorizing Lieutenants Lamson and Cushing to co-operate with the Army on the Nansemond River, "Is all I can ask, and I know that the spirit and gallantry those young officers have exhibited on all occasions will insure us all the aid it is possible to afford."

Secretary Welles on April 24 wrote to Admiral Lee:

"Great credit is due to Lieutenants Cushing and Lamson for the courage, skill and energy displayed by them in an emergency requiring the exercise of undaunted bravery and resolution."

Admiral Lee wrote to Lieutenant Lamson on April 29 a letter full of commendation for his courage, skill and energy, expressing approval of his gallant conduct, and on May 4, 1863, the Secretary of the Navy wrote to Lamson expressing admiration for his important and meritorious service, his discretion and valor, and stating that—

"The Department congratulates you on your success and is proud to see in the younger members of the corps such evidence of energy, and gallantry and executive ability, scarcely surpassed by those of more age and experience."

Those successes on the Nansemond effectually ended the advance movements of the enemy against Norfolk.

On July 4, 1863, the Confederate Commissioners, Alexander H. Stephens, Lieut.-Commander Hunter Davidson and Robert Ould, came down the James River and sought permission to go to Washington in the Confederate boat *Torpedo*.

Flag Lieutenant Lamson was detailed to stop that vessel until orders were received from Washington in regard to the request made. Lamson boarded the *Torpedo* and carried out his orders with firmness and tact. The request for leave to go to Washington was refused and Lamson saw that the *Torpedo* returned up-river under her flag of truce.

In May, with a view to giving Lamson some experience of blockade life, he was ordered to command the little *Nansemond*, a speedy little craft named after the victory on the Nansemond, and mounting a light parrot rifle and a few howitzers. Before he could get away to sea, however, the rebels became exceedingly active in planting torpedoes in the James River near Chapin's Bluff, and to destroy their work the Admiral selected Lamson as the one best suited for effective work in that line, and on May 12, 1864, ordered him to command a small flotilla composed of the *Stepping Stones*, *Delaware* and *Tritonia*, with general instructions to clear the river of the torpedoes.

Without a day's delay Lamson steamed up-river and, under the fire of the rebel batteries and sharpshooters, began to drag the river above Trent's Reach and near Chapin's Bluff in mid stream and close to the banks. Within fourteen days he returned to the flagship reporting that he had discovered fifteen torpedoes, some containing as much as 2,000 pounds of powder, had cut the wires connecting with the galvanic batteries on shore, and had hauled up the torpedoes and brought them away with him. He was then, on June 27, charged with the blocking of the river at Trent's Reach, which he did by sinking five schooners to prevent rebel rams from descending the river.

Rejoining his little *Nansemond* we next find him actively engaged on the coast above Cape Fear River, having reported for duty to Divisional Commander Benjamin F. Sands, and the records are full of reports of his work—chasing, running ashore or capturing blockade runners, destroying the *Douro* and the *Venus* and capturing the *Margaret and Jessie*.

On the 14th of December, 1863, the little *Nansemond* was caught off the coast in a terrific gale and nearly foundered. Lamson was compelled to throw his guns overboard, and by so doing saved his vessel and brought her safe to port, and he was commended by the Admiral for his efficient conduct and skill on that occasion.

The captured blockade-runner *Margaret and Jessie* had been purchased by the Government and fitted out for blockade service, being renamed the *Gettysburg*. Lieutenant Lamson was ordered to command her and the writer was, at his request, also attached to her on February 14, 1864. The Admiral and the Divisional Commander gave him full discretion as to where he would cruise to be of the best use in sustaining the blockade, and he carefully studied the routes over which the blockade-runners were accustomed to go in their efforts to evade the blockading fleet. He again proved his efficiency, skill and professional knowledge.

After one two-weeks trip in which he had tested the speed and seagoing qualities of his new command, he had the vessel docked at the Norfolk Navy Yard. When the steel bottom of the vessel had been thoroughly scraped, cleaned and painted, Lamson bought a barrel of tallow and had it melted down and applied hot to the whole bottom before leaving dock. Steaming away to the blockade a blockade-runner was sighted off Cape Lookout and the *Gettysburg* established a record for speed. The runner, which proved to be the *Lillian* with 619 bales of cotton on board, was soon overhauled, captured and sent into port.

Then came the attacks on Fort Fisher. Lamson was selected again for the hazardous duty of seeing to the safety of Captain Rhind and his officers and crew, when the giant torpedo, the *Louisiana*, was exploded under the guns of the fort. He discharged the duty with skill and safety.

During the bombardments of December 24 and 25, 1864, the little *Gettysburg* was shoved into the front line of the fleet, and from between the larger vessels, her little 30-pounder parrot rifle kept up a continuous fire on the Mound Battery. When the fleet returned on January 14 to attack that great fort, Lamson learned from the Admiral of the proposed landing of the sailors to participate in the assault. He obtained permission to join the party and landed on the morning of the 15th of January, 1865, with three of his officers and seventy-two men.

In the assault the *Gettysburg* party was well up to the front, and Lamson fell wounded severely, close to the Palisades, where he was compelled to remain, disabled, until nightfall permitted his being brought off and taken to the *Gettysburg*, whence he was afterwards sent north for hospital treatment. His gallantry in that action was warmly commended by Admiral Porter in his report of the victory.

Upon his recovery, Lamson was appointed flag lieutenant to Admiral L. M. Goldsborough, and reported for duty on the flagship *Colorado*, and served for some time on that duty in the Mediterranean Squadron.

Finding that no further recognition was to be given for his brilliant services and that promotion would only come to him when his seniors died off in order to make vacancies in the higher grades, he became discouraged and resigned in 1867.

He went into business in the Windsor Manufacturing Company, of Windsor, Vt., and on November 14, 1867, married Miss Catharine Buckingham, the daughter of Gen. C. P. Buckingham, then Governor of Connecticut. The company became a failure and he lost everything and then returned to Oregon in 1870.

In 1874 he was elected County Clerk of Yamhill County for two years, and in 1876 was appointed a Professor of Mathe-

matics at the Pacific University at Forrest Grove. In 1877 he was appointed Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts. Whilst so serving he began to suffer from locomotor ataxia, the outcome of his exposure in the naval service, and in 1894 he resigned.

In 1895 he was reappointed a lieutenant in the Navy in recognition of his admirable war services, and was put on the retired list.

He died on August 14, 1903, leaving two children surviving him, a son, Roswell B. Lamson, an attorney-at-law in Portland, Ore., and a daughter, Helen, now Mrs. Clarence S. Crary, of Mayfield, Cal.

The career of Lieut. Roswell H. Lamson was one which illustrates the short-sighted policy that sometimes controls the action of our naval authorities, and in a measure confirms the truth of what has been said about the ingratitude of republics.

Here was the case of a brilliant young officer, a born leader amongst men, an accomplished graduate of the Naval Academy, beloved and respected by all with whom he served, whose services reflected the greatest honor upon the flag, and were of great importance to the success of the Union cause; who had been several times commended for gallant and distinguished conduct in battle; who had been wounded severely in leading his *Gettysburg's* men in the land assault upon Fort Fisher; and who was often on other occasions commended for excellent service; and he failed to receive the prompt promotion he merited on his record.

Had Lamson been an officer in any of the European Governments, his brilliant achievements would not only have won him the Victoria Cross or the Cross of the Legion of Honor, or other high honors, but promotion prompt and high would have been his; for, as the records show, his daring, his skill, his successes over the enemy in action, and his wounds in battle were

not only to his personal credit, but to the honor of the naval service which he so well represented as the Secretary of the Navy declared.

An interesting incident connected with Lamson's restoration to the Naval List may be cited as showing an estimate by great men of his valor and valuable services.

At one of the monthly reunions of the District of Columbia Commandery of the Loyal Legion in 1894, the writer to entertain the large audience of Civil War veterans who were present read a paper relating to life on the Blockade, and gave a description of Lamson's victory on the *Nansemond*. It was received with enthusiastic applause and a gray-bearded officer came forward and, announcing that he was Maj.-Gen. George W. Getty who had co-operated with Lamson in that affair, declared that the narrative was absolutely accurate in every detail and spoke in the warmest eulogy of the young officer.

Then Maj-Gen. Redfield Proctor, John G. Hawley and Charles W. Manderson, all United States Senators, asked the writer where Lamson was and what he was doing. They were told that he was a great sufferer from locomotor ataxia, originating from his wounds received in battle. "Why do you not do something for him?" they asked. "*We* always look after our disabled veterans in the Army and see that they are well provided for by the Government, when they have such records."

"But the naval veterans are not found in Congress," was the writer's reply, "so what can I do?"

"Act in some way," they said, "and we pledge ourselves to aid you in Congress, because his brilliant achievements deserve such recognition."

I thanked them and, remembering that a special act had been passed in the early eighties for Lamson's restoration, which he had then declined to avail himself of as it would have broken up his home, I wrote to Lamson, and within three weeks a

petition came on signed by the Bench and Bar of Oregon, asking for his restoration to the service. I had it promptly presented to President Cleveland and the Bureau Chiefs in the Department endorsed it strongly.

The President sent the nomination in promptly but without giving any reasons for the action.

The Clerk of the Naval Committee, knowing of my associations with naval officers, sent for me, and asked if I knew anything about Lamson. I told him I did, and wrote out a brief sketch of his heroism in battle. He took the paper up to the Senate floor and in five minutes down came Senator Eugene Hale, with the paper in his hand.

"Is this the young officer," he exclaimed, "of whom Manderson, Hawley and Proctor have been talking to me, whose story you told to the Loyal Legion some time ago?" I assured him it was and he left the Committee Room, asking me to wait a while. Inside of twenty minutes he returned and informed me that he had broken in upon the business of the Senate with a motion to go into executive session, and had the nomination unanimously confirmed.

Such prompt recognition of Lamson's merit from such great men, and from officers of such distinction, was a beautiful tribute to the merit of my friend and comrade, and I have always felt grateful to them for that action.

Had Lamson not resigned in 1867, he would doubtless have left a longer record of usefulness to his country, his professional attainments being of the highest order and his devotion to duty being always perfect and admirable.

Therefore it is that we must recognize the fact that the Navy is honored by thus having one of the newest type of torpedo-boat destroyers named the *Lamson*, in evidence that his grateful country remembers his distinguished and meritorious services in the Civil War, and points to his admirable record as one to be emulated by all who enter the naval service.

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